MORANG'S MODERN PHONIC PRIMER

PART II

Authorized by the
MINISTER of EDUCATION
FOR USE IN THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
of ONTARIO

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SECOND PRIMER

I. — THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  That ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide;
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside.

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown; —
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON—"A Child's Garden of Verse."

II. — FRANK'S QUARTER

Last Saturday, Frank Black got a quarter of a dollar from Mr. Clark for helping him to plant corn. The next time Frank goes to town he will buy a new picture book with the money.

III. — PAWS AND CLAWS

Read the questions silently, and write or speak the answers; the teacher will write similar sentences on the blackboard, to be used as seat-exercises from time to time.

How many nails have you on each finger?

How many nails have you on each hand?

What are a dog's nails called?

How many claws are there on a dog's fore foot?

How many claws are there on a cat's hind paw?

What can a cat do with her claws that a dog cannot do with his?

What use does the hen make of her claws?

The cow has a horn, and the fish has a gill;
The horse has a hoof, and the duck has a bill;
The cat has a paw, and the dog has a tail;
And the bird has a wing that on high it may sail.

IV.—THE PARROT

Ethel's pet is a green parrot. She calls him "Bobs." He can say, "Ethel, go to school." If any one raps at the

door, he will say, "Come in, come in." If, when the door opens, a boy comes in, Bobs will say, "Jack, what do you want?" He calls every boy "Jack."

If the boy were to say, "What do *you* want?" Bobs would reply, "Apple, apple, apple." He likes to eat an apple. When eating it, he holds it in his foot.

V.—OUR FLAG

Our flag is red, white, and blue.

On the blue part there are three crosses.

There is the red cross of England with the white edge.

There is the white cross of Scotland.

There is the red cross of Ireland over the white one.

Our flag is called the UNION JACK.

We love the Union Jack.

j
O
1

VI. — TRAY AND SNAP

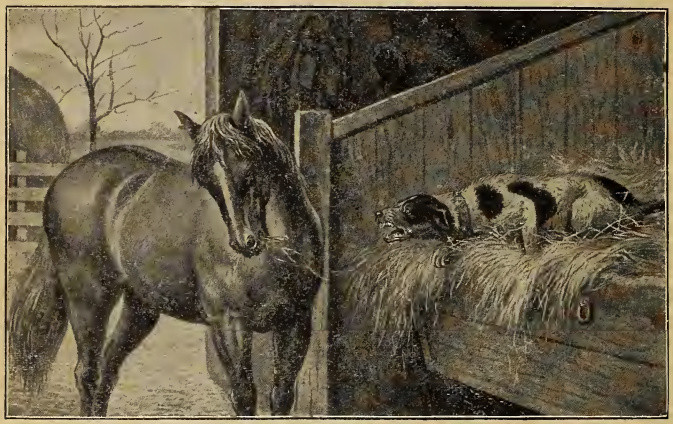
For phonic practice: —

sn-	ā	-ow	-ed
snag	safe	how	hin-dered
snip	cave	town	tem-pered
snarl	same	howl	gath-ered
snap	fate	growl	suf-fered

Tray and Snap were the names of two dogs. Tray was a good-tempered dog. The other was well named Snap, for he would snarl and snap or bite at all that came in his way.

One day Tray and Snap followed their master to town. A number of dogs gathered round them. Tray did not bark at them, nor did he bite any of them. Snap began to snarl at one, growl at another, and bite a third. At last they all fell on him and nearly killed him. As Tray was with him, he met

the same fate. A dog that goes with bad dogs will be sure to suffer their fate sooner or later.



VII. — THE DOG IN THE MANGER

-ay: lay, jay, gay, stray.

-ge: page, edge, urge, strange.

Some hay had been put in a manger. A dog saw it and jumped into the manger and lay down.

After a while a hungry horse came along. He put his nose into the man-

ger to get a mouthful of hay. The dog growled, jumped up, and snapped at him.

"Selfish dog!" said the horse. "You cannot eat the hay yourself nor will you let one eat it who can."

Sentences for drill on **-ger.**

My ruler is longer and larger than George's.
Red pepper tastes stronger than ginger.
There is danger in giving way to anger.

VIII. — THE KIND DOG

For phonic practice: —

-ou: ground, sprout, house, flour.

-tion: na-tion, di-rec-tion, sub-trac-tion.

care	car-ing	hope	hop-ing
line	lin-ing	com-pete	com-pet-ing
urge	urg-ing	a-muse	a-mus-ing

All dogs do not act like the dog in the manger.

A gardener once had a dog that he

called Carlo. Carlo found out that the gardener's horse was fond of carrots.

One day he saw his master piling some carrots in a corner of a shed, and placing some old bags over them.

Whenever Carlo saw the horse coming, he went into the shed, if the door was open, and taking a carrot in his mouth, ran with it to the horse.

It was fun to see him wagging his tail, and watching the horse eating the carrot.

ACTION LESSON

To be read silently and the directions followed ; the teacher will write similar sentences on the blackboard, to be used as seat-exercises from time to time.

Take a lead pencil and write your name twice.

Make a picture of the back of a watch.

Give attention to the ticking of the clock, and count twenty beats.

With your hand and arm make the motion of calling a person from a distance.

IX. — CURLY'S WORK

To bed, to bed, my curly head,
  To bed and sleep so sweetly;
Merry and bright with morning light,
  Be up and dressed so neatly.

Then for a walk and a pleasant talk
  About the birds and flowers;
And all the day, in work and play,
  We'll pass the happy hours.

And then to bed to rest the head,
  And sleep until to-morrow;
May every day thus glide away,
  Without a shade of sorrow.

X. — THE GREEDY CHICKENS

-ea as in *tea* and as in *thread.*

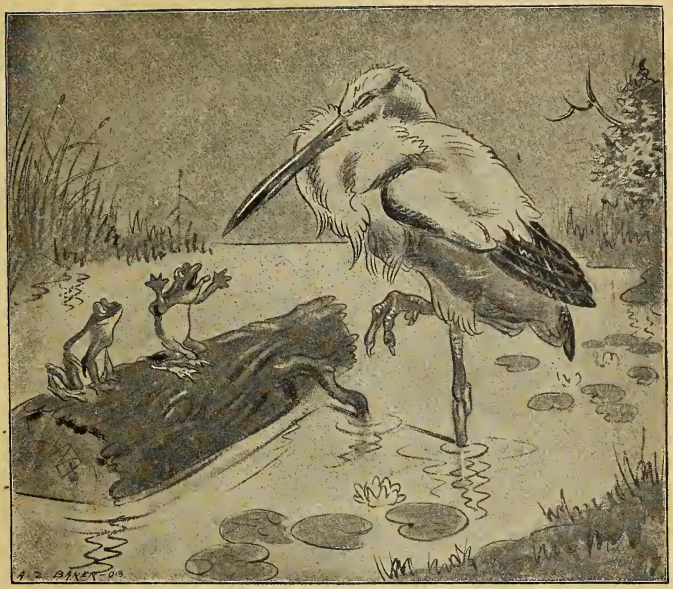
a sheaf of wheat	he read a book
a loaf of bread	it was easy to read
an ear of corn	neat and clean
a head of cabbage	healthy and wealthy

Two chickens found a head of wheat. The first one to pick it up ran away with it. She wished to keep it all for herself.

The other chicken ran after her, and got one end of the head of wheat. They began pulling it from each other. At last dropping it, they began to fight.

An old crow that was flying around saw it lying on the ground. He swooped down, picked it up, and flew off with it.

Thus the greedy chickens were punished. They learned that half a loaf is better than no bread.



XI. — THE FROGS AND THE STORK

-oo, long, as in *moon*, and short as in *book*. Pronounce: —

school	loose	foot	good
broom	brood	hook	wool

quite	laid	said
quiet	wait	again

Many frogs lived in a pool near the

woods. These frogs made a great deal of noise. One day an old frog croaked out, "Be still! Duck your heads. The stork is coming."

The frogs ducked their heads under the water and were quiet for quite a while.

The stork alighted near the shore. He seemed to be more sleepy than hungry. He stood on one foot, with his head resting on his back. He looked like a bunch of feathers on a stick.

Two young frogs — Kix and Kax — peeped out. "That's not a stork," said Kix. "A stork has a long neck."

"Come, let us go and look at him," said Kax. The stork still seemed asleep.

"Look at me," said Kix to the

other frogs. "I am going to jump on him."

"So will I," cried Kax.

They both jumped. Then there was a snip and a snap, and the stork laid his head back again to wait for some more foolish frogs to jump into his mouth.

Write sentences containing the phrases:—

1. a great deal.
2. still asleep.
3. quite quiet.
4. back again.

XII.—THE LITTLE RED HEN

The little red hen was in the farmyard with her chickens, when she found a grain of wheat.

"Who will plant this wheat?" she said.

"We won't," said the goose and the

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she planted the grain of wheat.

When the wheat was ripe, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?"

"We won't," said the goose and the duck.

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she took the wheat to the mill.

When she brought the flour home, she said, "Who will make some bread with this flour?"

"We won't," said the goose and the duck.

"I will, then," said the little red hen.

When the bread was baked, she said, "Who will eat this bread?"

"We will," said the goose and the duck.

"No, you won't," said the little red

hen. "I shall eat it myself. Cluck! cluck!" And thus she called her chickens to help her.

Subject of a conversation or composition:—

The willingness of the goose and the duck to come to help after the work is done.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, dear baby mine;
Make us a cookie, so sweet and so fine,
Take it and bake it, and have it for tea;
And then we shall eat it and happy we'll be.

XIII.—FIVE PEAS IN A POD—PART I

There were five peas in one pod. They were green and the pod was green, so they thought that the whole world was green.

The sun shone and the rain fell. The pod grew and the peas grew, too. As they grew larger and larger, they

thought more and more of what they must do.

"Shall we stay here always?" said one. "I feel that there is something outside of this pod."

Weeks passed. The pod became yellow and the peas became yellow. "The whole world grows yellow," they said.

Then they felt a pull at the pod. It was torn off and put into a pocket full of other pea-pods.

Write sentences containing these parts: —

1. the whole world.
2. turning yellow.
3. stay here always.
4. they thought.

Pronounce: — shŏne, tōrn; tub, cup, but; pull, put, full; rule, rude.

XIV. — FIVE PEAS IN A POD — Part II

"Now we shall be opened," they said.

"I wonder who will go the farthest," said the smallest pea.

"What is to be will be," said the largest. Crack! the pod opened and the five peas rolled into the sunshine.

There they lay in a little boy's hand. "They are just the peas for my pea-shooter," he said. He put one in and shot it far away from him.

"I am flying into the world," it said; "catch me if you can," and it was gone.

"I am flying to the sun," said the second pea.

"We shall sleep, wherever we go," said the next two, and away they rolled.

"What is to be will be," said the last, as he was shot out of the pea-shooter.

He flew into a crack under a garret window. There he was held fast in the soft moss.

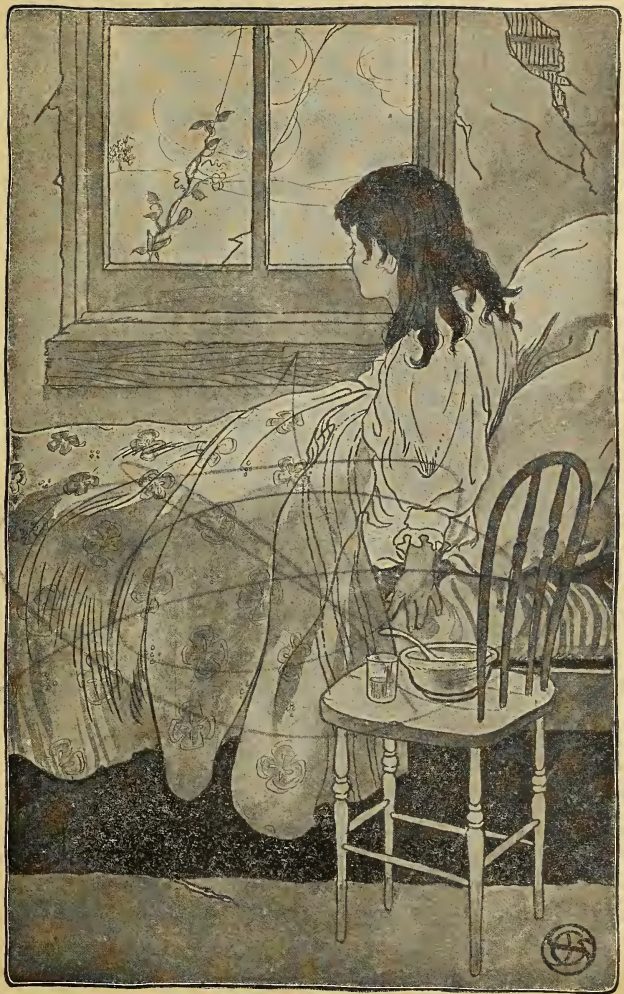
XV. — FIVE PEAS IN A POD — Part III

In the garret lived a poor woman who went away to work every day. She had a little daughter who was so ill that she had to stay in bed all the time.

One morning when the sun peeped into the window, the child cried, "Look out of the window, Mother. What can that green thing be?"

The mother went to the window and opened it. "Oh!" she said, "that is a little pea. It has taken root in a crack among the moss and is putting out its green leaves. Here is a little garden that you may watch and care for."

Then she moved the child's bed near the window and went away to her work.



"Mother, I think that I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening. "The sun has been bright to-day, and the little pea has grown very fast. The sun will make me grow strong, too, and I shall soon be able to get up and help you."

"I hope so, my dear child," said the mother. So she took good care of the plant and watered it every day.

A week later the sick child sat up in the warm sunshine for a whole hour. The window was open, and just outside was the little pea with one pink blossom.

The child put out her hand and bending in the plant kissed the pretty flower.

"Our Heavenly Father planted that pea," said the mother. "He has made it grow to be a joy to you and to me," and they thanked Him for the flower.

XVI. — THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

This is the house
That Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

* * * * *

This is the priest
All shaven and shorn,
That married the youth
All tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden
All forlorn,
That milked the cow
With the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That chased the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house
That Jack built.

Accumulation stories have always been great favorites with young readers. The six paragraphs omitted may be written as seat-work.

XVII. — THE CAT AND THE FOX

For phonic practice:—

could	caught	night	mice
should	taught	right	fine
would	daughter	might	spite

One morning a cat met a fox at the foot of a large tree.

"Good morning, Mrs. Puss," said the fox, "have you had your breakfast?"

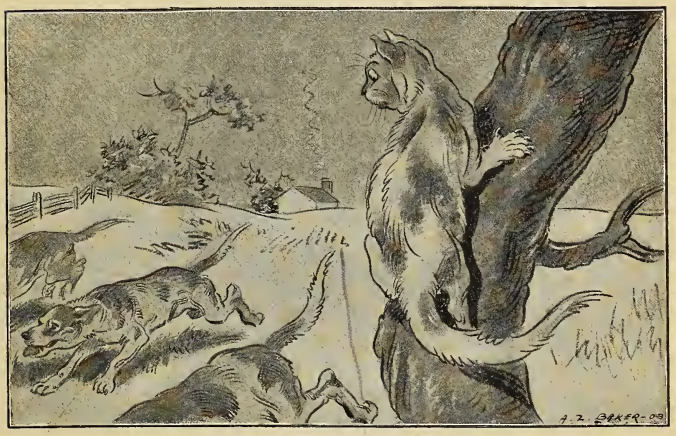
"No, Mr. Fox," said she, "but I had two fine mice last night for supper. Have you had your breakfast?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Puss," said the fox, who was proud of the good manners that he had been taught; "I visited Farmer Brown, and took a hen that he has been fattening for me."

"Oh! maybe he meant the hen for himself. If he should come with his

dogs to punish you for a thief, what would you do?"

"Pooh!" said the fox, "I can fool the dogs. I have ten tricks at hand, and ten times as many in a bag."



"Alas!" said Mrs. Puss, "I have only one. I look for—" But she had not time to finish her speech before Farmer Brown's dogs came in sight. The cat ran up the tree and sat on a high

branch. From there she saw the fox try all his tricks, but in spite of them the dogs caught him and made short work of him.

"I see," said the cat to herself, "that one good plan is better than ten poor ones."

Write sentences:—

(1) Using the forms *Mr.* and *Mrs.*

(2) Using the names of the three meals.

(3) Telling how the fox showed his good manners.

(4) Telling what the cat was going to say just as the dogs came in sight.

XVIII.—THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

Pronounce and spell:—

beg-ging	passed	sum-mer	fid-dled
begged	pass-ing	summed	fid-dling

One cold day an ant laid out some food to dry in front of the door of its

house. A hungry cricket was passing and begged a morsel to eat.

"You big fellow!" said the ant. "Why do you need to beg from a little insect like me? What were you doing all the long summer?"

"Oh! did you not hear me chirping and fiddling with my fine wings?" said the cricket.

"No, indeed!" said the ant, "I was too busy gathering my winter store to hear you. If you spent the summer in fiddling, you may now go and spend the winter in dancing."

Down in a garden, in a snug beehive,
Lived a mother bumblebee and her honeys five;
"Buzz!" said the mother bee; "We buzz!" said the five;
So they hummed and they buzzed in their snug beehive.

XIX. — THE RAT WITH A BELL

For phonic practice: —

tie	try	few	house
tied	tried	flew	found

An old house was badly overrun with rats. They made holes in the corners of the pantry and found their way into every room in the house.

The cat caught only a few of them, and they had so much to eat that they would not go near the trap that was set for them.

But at last one rat was trapped. The people tried a new plan. They tied a bell around the rat's neck and let him go.

He ran to his comrades, but the bell frightened them badly. All the rats ran helter-skelter to get away from the bell. The rat with the bell ran to join them. The other rats ran all the faster. So the rat with the bell soon drove them all from the house.

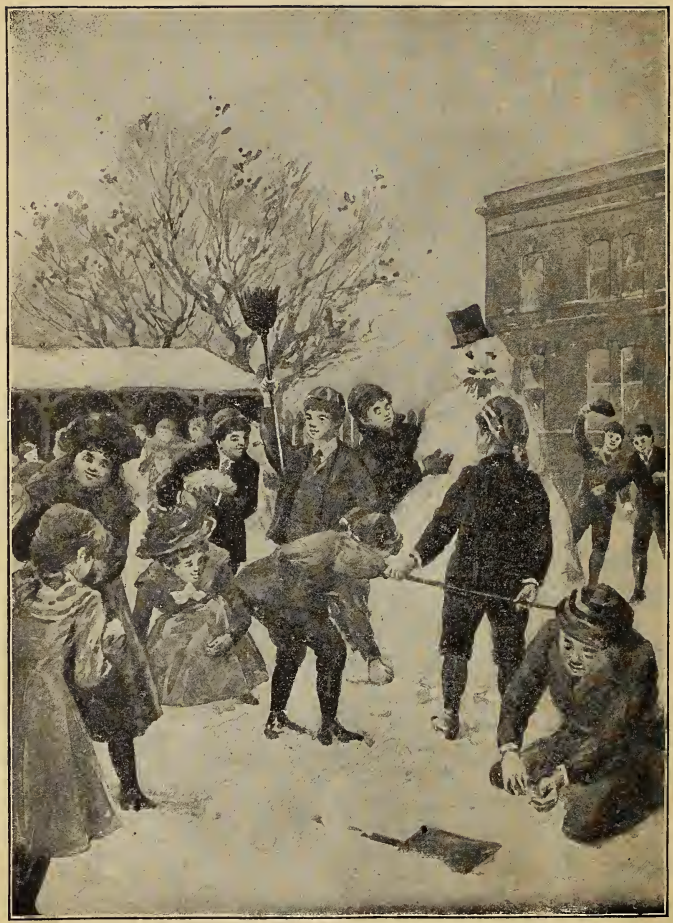
XX. — THE SNOW-MAN

For phonic practice: —

fierce	snow	birds	white
piece	window	girls	whisk

The last week in March had come. The snow had melted away. The birds were beginning to return from the south. The farmers were making maple sugar. Easter holidays would soon begin.

In the afternoon the sky became gray and cloudy. Before nine o'clock the



ground was white, and snow was falling like a white blanket over the fields. In the morning the snow lay nearly two feet deep. The sun came out bright and warm.

What fun the boys and girls had that day at school! They rolled up big snow-balls larger than sugar barrels. They built a snow-house and made a big snow-man. For eyes they put two large pieces of black coal in his face. Two chips of wood formed his mouth, and the brush part of an old broom was stuck on his chin for whiskers. He was finished off with an old high hat.

The children got the teacher to come out that they might show him their snow-man. He said that he had seen many snow-men, but never so fierce a one as that.

Practise distinct articulation of:—

sugar children barrels

XXI.—OUR PET CROW

For phonic practice:—

walk	guess	child	comb	Paul
chalk	guest	mild	climb	fault

One mild day in spring, Paul and I went to the woods to gather wild flowers. What else do you think we found? You cannot guess, so we shall have to tell you. It was a dear little crow just beginning to fly. We took him home and named him Dick.

He was always ready to eat. When he had taken all that one person had for him, he would fly to some one else, and act in a way that seemed to ask, "Have you anything for me? I am starving."

Indeed, he seemed to think that everything smaller than himself was intended for him to eat. So he carried off all sorts of things, such as spools, buttons, chalk, and combs. But in spite of this fault, Dick became a great pet.

He tried his best to talk. It was great fun to hear him jabber about any strange thing that came in his way.

In the fall, when the crows were flying south in great flocks, Dick went off to visit them. We supposed it was to find out from the crows why they were going south. The next day he came back, but so wet was he that, instead of flying, he climbed to the top of the fence and walked home along it. We said that the wild crows must have ducked their guest in the creek.

XXII. — SPOT AND SPORT

Pronounce: —

of-fice	par-cel	can-cel	of-ten
ten cents	pen-cil	cin-der	butch-er

Harry has two dogs — Spot and Sport. He has harness that fits them, and a waggon with a seat that will hold him and his little sister, Gertie. There is a box under the seat into which he can put apples and letters and parcels.

Harry often drives to the post-office for the mail. He brings home things from the store. One day he brought in his little waggon, two pounds of tea, one pound of coffee, one pound of cheese, a pound of peanut candy, and some bones for his span of horses.

When he asked the butcher for five

cents' worth of bones for his horses, the butcher said, "Bones for horses! Horses cannot eat bones." But when he saw Harry's horses he laughed, and said, "I guess that kind of horse can eat bones all right."

One day Harry filled the box with apples. He took Gertie and her doll in the seat with him, and drove over to grandma's to give her the apples. When they were going up the lane, Spot and Sport happened to see grand-

ma's big yellow cat. They started after her with all their might. It was a real runaway. First, Gertie and the doll tumbled out, and then the apples began to spill. Spot and Sport ran off the path and upset the waggon. Harry was left on the grass. His horses did not stop until they chased the yellow cat up a post.

XXIII. — CRUEL PUSS[1]

"What do cats like best to eat?"

"Ours," said Gerald, "likes bread and milk."

"Mice and fish are what my cat likes best," said Clara.

"Our cat," said Frank, "would rather catch a bird than a mouse."

[1] For variety, this lesson may be read as a dialogue, the teacher reading the first question, and three pupils personating Gerald, Clara, and Frank.

"She must be a cruel cat, then, to kill a pretty little bird," said Clara.

"Is it any more cruel to kill a bird than it is to kill a mouse?" asked Frank, who did not like to hear his cat blamed.

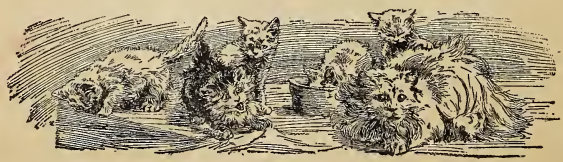
Both Gerald and Clara said birds do good while mice do harm.

"Cats," said Frank, "don't know that difference. Did you ever see a cat play with a mouse? I have seen her stick her sharp claws into it, and roll it like a ball, and then let it go and catch it again. Isn't that cruel?"

"A cat," said Clara, still trying to defend her kitty, "does not know that it gives the mouse pain to be tossed up and rolled over and let go and caught again. Cats can't speak and cannot understand us if we tell them it is cruel."

"Cats can't speak! You needn't tell me that," said Frank. "When my cat comes under my chair at dinner time and says, 'Me-ow, me-ow,' she is asking for something to eat. When she climbs into Mary's lap and curls herself up and says, 'Purr-r-r-r,' she means that this is a snug place. When a strange dog comes down the path she jumps on the window-sill, and tells him very plainly that, if he comes near her, she will scratch his eyes. Cats can talk in their own way, and they can understand a good deal of what we say to them."

Write the unshortened form of : isn't, don't, can't, needn't. *Write the sentences in the lesson, using these phrases in their unshortened form.*



XXIV. — THE NEST BEHIND THE WATERFALL

For phonic practice: —

edge	roar	find	covered
lodge	foam	kind	hovered

A little brook tumbles over a high rock on the mountainside and makes a pretty waterfall.

On a ledge, away under the projecting rock, two dear little birds built their nest. Perhaps they thought it was a very safe place; perhaps they loved the music of the little waterfall.

One day a great rain-storm came on, and the little brook became a roaring torrent. It fell over the rock in a great sheet of foaming water.

The kind mother-bird came with food for her nestlings. But how was she to get to her nest? She flew first to one

edge then to the other, but the tumbling waters covered the rock from side to side. Poor little mother! What was she to do? After resting on a branch for a little while, thinking out some plan, she flew again to the sides, but no opening in the waters could she find. Returning, she hovered two or three moments right in front of her nest, and then darted through the falling torrent to her dear little children, lodged dry and snug in the shelter of the big rock.

XXV.—THE SPIDER'S PARLOR

A spider spun a web high up in the corner of a room. In one part of the web he made a little waiting-room for himself. This was his parlor.

A fly came walking along the smooth ceiling.

"What pretty feet you have!" said the spider. "Those dear little feet should walk on silk and not on that hard ceiling. Come into my parlor and feel the softness of my silken carpet."

The fly started to walk over the web to the parlor. Its feet could run nimbly on the smooth ceiling or on the window-pane. But they soon got tangled in the fine threads of the spider's web.

The fly tugged and pulled, but it could not get its feet out of the tangles of the

web. It buzzed and buzzed as much as to say to the spider, "Come and help me out of this tangle."

When the spider heard the buzzing and felt the tugging on the threads, he ran out to the struggling fly.

The spider has a pair of sharp things like hooked arms under his chin. He stuck these into the fly and carried it off to his parlor. But, alas! the poor fly never felt the softness of the silken carpet, for the sharp hooks had killed it.

A hungry spider made a web of threads so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel the little slender line;
All round about and round about and round about it spun,
Then straight across and back again until the work was done.

XXVI. — DICK AND THE GIANT — Part I

Two sounds of **y** *and three sounds of* **oo**: —

ready	dry	poor	wood	door
merry	cry	tool	took	floor
badly	fly	roost	shook	

Dick's home was by the edge of a wood, in which he loved to roam. In the wood there were mossy banks and pretty flowers. A little brook rippled and murmured among the stones and over the pebbles.

Dick was a merry little fellow, and as cheerful as the sunshine itself. He felt so free and glad-hearted that he went about singing and whistling nearly all the day.

One bright day he was in the pretty woods enjoying himself. He stopped his singing to take a drink at the brook.

But just at the moment when he began to drink, a giant seized him. The giant was a hundred times as big as poor little Dick; his hand was bigger than Dick's whole body. The giant put him in a dark, leather bag and took him away to his home.

XXVII.—DICK AND THE GIANT—PART II

At last the giant entered his big house, and threw the bag on the table.

Poor Dick did not know that the giant was getting a prison ready for him.

When the prison was ready, the giant put his hand into the bag, and grasped Dick so hard that it hurt him badly. He opened the door of the prison and almost threw him in. The prison had wooden walls on the back and on the sides, but in front, it was made of bars of iron, up and down and across.

The giant put a piece of dry bread on the floor of the prison and some water in a broken cup, and told Dick to sing for him. But poor Dick was so sad and frightened that he could not sing a note.

Next morning the giant came and saw that he had not eaten the crust of bread. The giant was in a rage and said, "I will make you eat your food," and he tried

to force some of it into Dick's mouth. "Now I wish you to sing. You can sing if you like. I heard you singing in the woods yesterday." Then he shook him and squeezed him to make him sing.

The poor little bird gave a loud cry and fell dead in the cruel boy's hand.

Practise the distinct pronunciation of:—

giant prison hundred iron cruel

Use in sentences:—

1. the whole of Dick's body.
2. the floor of the prison.
3. a piece of dry bread.
4. a hundred times.

XXVIII. — THE NEWSBOY

Timmie was a homeless newsboy. His coat was twice too big for him. It covered all but his cap and shoes, and they were much the worse for the wear.

The evening was cold and wet. As darkness came on, people were hurrying home. They did not wait to buy papers. Poor Timmie was not making many sales.

Mr. Norton came hurrying along. He was holding his umbrella against the wind. Stepping aside to let some people pass, he did not see Timmie, and knocked him down.

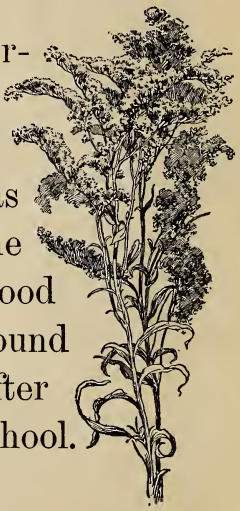
"Buy a paper, please, sir?" said Tim, as he jumped to his feet in a second.

"Yes, boy," said Mr. Norton. He was sorry that he had knocked the lad down, and surprised that he spoke so nicely.

"How many papers have you? I'll take them all."

When Mr. Norton got home he told his family about the newsboy. "The lad spoke as nicely," said he, "as if I had done him a kindness."

The next evening Mr. Norton came home along the same street. There was little Timmie again, cheerful as sunshine. He took him home with him and gave him a good supper. In a day or two he found some work for him, and after New Year's he sent him to school.



Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease,
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two are these:
"I thank you, sir" and "If you please."

XXIX. — IN A CAVE WITH A WOLF[1]

The rain is beating against the windows. We can hear it on the roof. The night is pitch dark. The wind makes a dismal sound among the trees.

A little girl creeps up on her father's knee and begs him to tell her a story.

"On a dark, stormy night like this, daughter, father lost his way in a wood on the mountainside. It was a lonely part of the wood; bears and wolves made their home there.

I had got off the path. Night and darkness and storm came on. The rain drenched me; the wind bent the trees and broke some of them. I feared they would fall upon me. Flashes of lightning nearly blinded me, and the

[1] Adapted from Bayard Taylor.

loud thunder rolled round and round the mountain.

I groped my way among the trees and rocks till, at last, by the help of the lightning, I found a little cave between two great rocks.

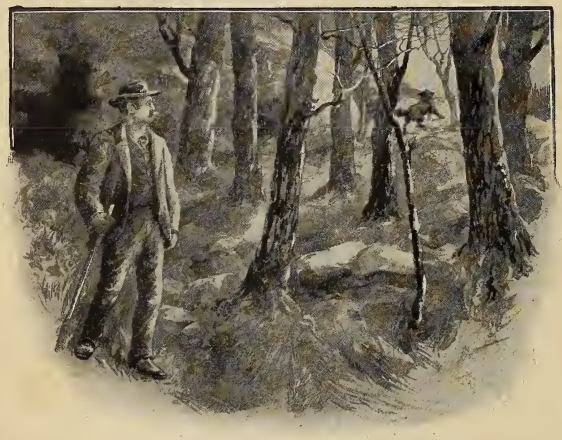
I crept into the low cave and lay down on the ground. I felt safe from the falling trees and the flashing lightning.

I lay with my head towards the opening. Soon I heard something come into the cave. I looked and there in the dark I saw two bright eyeballs of some wild animal. It was a wolf. He crept over and lay down beside me.

Do not be afraid, little daughter; the wolf and I lay there side by side all that dark, wild night.

The rain poured down the mountain-

side, the thunder seemed to shake the rock; but in that little bed on the ground, the wolf and I lay side by side. I felt his wet fur press against me. I felt the heat of his body.



When the dawn began to break, the storm ceased. The wolf crept out and went his way in the wild, wet woods. I followed him, found my path, and went on my way down the mountain."

XXX. — THE CHILD'S PRAYER

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there, with Thee, to dwell.

XXXI. — ALLAN'S DOLLAR

Every time Allan shovelled the snow off the path he was to get five cents. He marked the date each time he shovelled the snow. When the card showed twenty times, his father gave him a dollar. Never before had Allan had so much money of his own at once. He was happy in planning what he would do with it.

The next week he was returning from school one evening when some boys began snow-balling him. He made a hard snow-ball and threw it back at them with all his might. The ball missed the boys but struck a window-pane and broke it.

The people in the house heard the crash of the glass and hurried to the

door to find out the cause. But all the boys got out of sight so quickly that not one of them was to be seen.

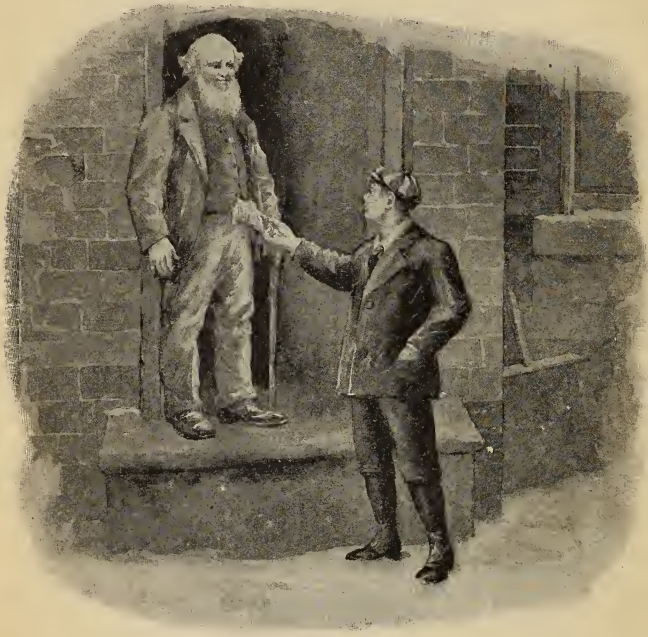
At first Allan was afraid that he would be found out. His next feeling was that of shame at running away like a coward.

"It was their fault," he said to himself; "if they had not thrown at me, I should not have thrown at them." This excuse did not set his mind at rest. The more he thought of it, the more unhappy he felt.

At last he thought of his dollar. "I will give it to the people at the house, and tell them I am sorry that I broke their window."

Allan went home, got his dollar, returned with it to the house, and rang

the door-bell. A man came to the door.



"I am the boy that broke your window. I am sorry that I did it. Here is a dollar to pay for it."

The man took the dollar, asked Allan his name, and where he lived. He asked him, too, why he threw the snowball, and how he got the money. Allan told him the truth and went home feeling happy again.

* * * * * *

Allan is now a grown-up man. Sometimes he makes a speech to the boys. When he tells them this story, he adds: "Now, boys, I have told you a true story. I date my success in life from the time I made up my mind to tell the truth about the broken pane."

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
That angels will hasten the story to tell.

XXXII. — WHO WILL BELL THE CAT?

The mice held a meeting. The chairman, or rather chair-mouse, stood up and said: "This meeting is called to consider what to do about the loss of so many of our children and friends. Not a night passes now but three or four of them are missed. We wish to find out the cause of these losses and to make plans to prevent them."

"Mr. Chairman," said the first speaker, "I can tell you the cause; it is no secret. About ten days ago, the mistress of this house brought home a fierce cat. In the daytime, while we are asleep, she sleeps, too; when we seek our dinner, she seeks hers, too, and she prefers to dine on mice. If a mouse ventures across the floor, she creeps up after it

softly and swiftly, and breaks its neck before it has time to squeak."

The second speaker said: "Mice are foolish to try to live in a house with a hungry cat. Her ears can hear a mouse breathe; her eyeballs are like fire in the dark. Her claws are as sharp as needles; her gliding step makes no sound. I say that our best plan is to leave this house at once."

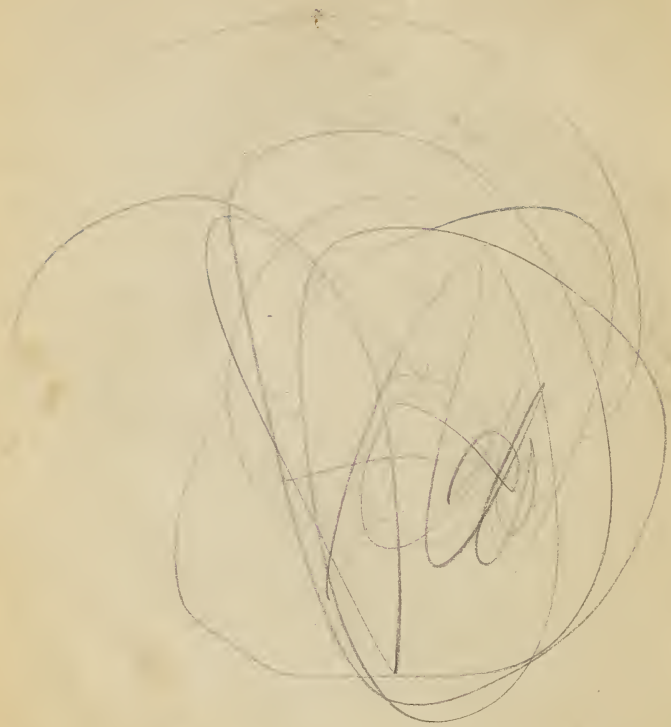
The third mouse said: "Listen to me. We cannot find a better place than this. Food is plentiful; the corners are cosy; our nests are warm. The cat cannot catch us if we hear her coming. Her step is soft; but see! I have found a bell. Let us put this bell on her neck. Then we can hear her and slip into our holes before she can get near us. Let us bell the cat."

Then there was great rejoicing among the mice. They jumped around and shouted, "Bell the cat! bell the cat!" They all jumped with glee and shouted, "Bell the cat!" until the oldest mouse in the crowd raised his voice: "Order! order! You are all shouting, 'Bell the cat!' but *who will* bell the cat?" Then there was silence.

XXXIII. — THE TAR-BABY — PART I[1]

The Fox and the Coon lived on the same hillside. The Fox had a fine patch of pea-nuts. One morning he found tracks among them. "Oho," said he, "some one has been grubbing my goobers." He smoothed the place over and made it look as though nothing had happened.

[1] Adapted from Pyrnelle's *Child Plantation Stories.*



Next morning he found fresh tracks and more digging, so he made up his mind to watch for the thief. But he could not catch him.

"Brother Coon," said the Fox, "somebody is stealing my goobers, but I cannot find out who it is."

"I can tell you," said the Coon. "It's Brother Rabbit. The other night I was up in a tree and I saw him hopping along straight to your garden."

The Fox and the Coon made a plan to catch the Rabbit. They made a big Tar-baby and set it up in the middle of the pea-nut patch.

When it got quite dark, the Rabbit said to himself, "I think I'll try a few pea-nuts for supper to-night." Then he set off for the Fox's garden.

Seeing the Tar-baby standing near the

place where he wished to dig, he said quite sternly, "Who's that standing there? Are you stealing Brother Fox's goobers?" But the Tar-baby said not a word.

Then the Rabbit got bolder and came up to the Tar-baby and hit it, but his hand stuck fast in the tar. "Let me go," said the Rabbit, "or I'll hit you harder." But the Tar-baby said not a word.

When both his hands were stuck in the tar he got very angry. "If you don't let me go, I'll kick you." But the Tar-baby said not a word.

XXXIV. — THE TAR-BABY — Part II

In the morning, when the Fox came to see the Tar-baby, there he found the Rabbit stuck fast, hand and foot. "Ha!

ha! here is the thief that has been stealing my goobers."

He hurried across the garden to ask the Coon how they should punish the Rabbit.

The Coon said, "Ask him which he would prefer — to be dropped into the well or thrown into the briar-bush. If he says, 'Drop me into the well,' then throw him into the briar-bush; but if he says, 'Throw me into the briar-bush,' why then, drop him into the well."

But the Rabbit's long ears were not stuck in the tar, so they heard what the Coon said.

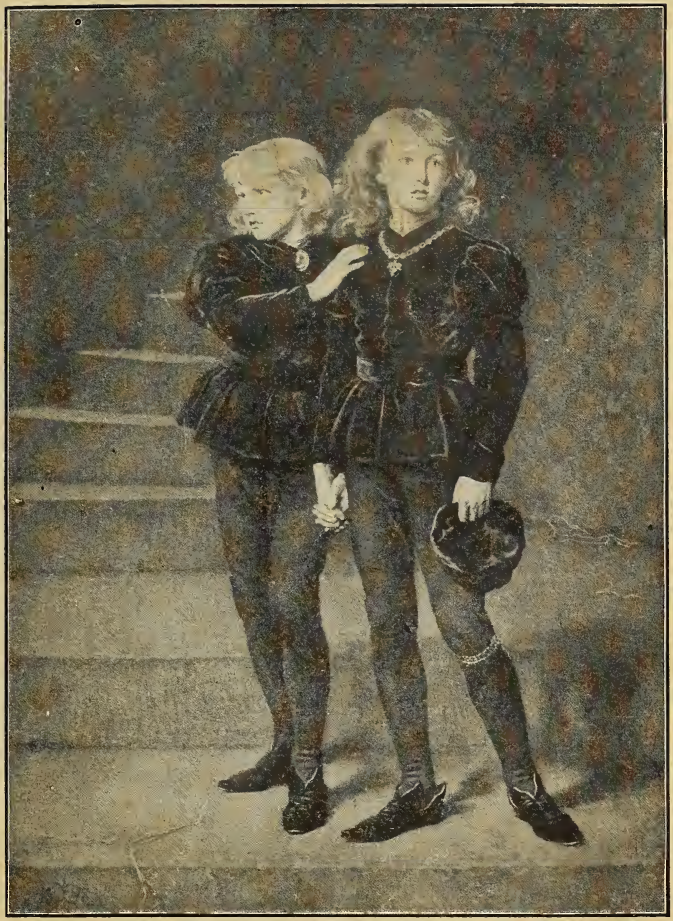
The Fox and the Coon walked back to the Tar-baby. "Now, Mr. Thief," said they, "will you tell us which you prefer — to be dropped into the deep

well, or to be thrown into the briar-bush ?"

"Oh, don't throw me among the briars: the thorns are so sharp, they will scratch me; drop me into the well."

The Fox pulled him off the Tar-baby, and threw him right into the thick briar-patch.

The Rabbit kicked up his heels and



shouted back, "Good-bye, Fox, good-bye, Coon: the briar-patch is my play-ground."

XXXV. — A CHRISTMAS STORY

It was Christmas Eve. The wind was blowing hard and drifting the snow into big heaps. Carl's mother was poor, but that did not prevent her little boy from being happy.

Carl had gone to bed and was lying awake. He had hung up his stocking, but he was not wondering what Santa Claus would bring. He was planning what he would do for his mother on Christmas day.

The wind drifted the fine snow through the cracks around the window of his little bed-room.

"Mother! mother!" he called.

"What is it, Carl?"

"The snow is drifting in on my face," said Carl.

His mother came into the room, and there she saw the fine snow falling over Carl's black hair and on the bed. She got some paper and pushed it into the cracks at the side of the window. That seemed to stop the snow from coming in, and she went back to her work.

"I feel it coming in yet, mother," he called to her.

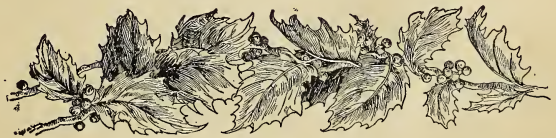
What else could she do? She thought of an old door that was leaning against the fence. She went out and got the door, and

placed it against the little window. When she came into the room, she was glad to find that the door had stopped the drifting.

After a while she heard Carl's voice again. "Mother! mother!"

"Well! what is it now, Carl?"

"I was just wondering what the poor boys will do that have no door to lean against the cracks to keep out the snow."



XXXVI. — THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
  Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
    And white owl's feather!

* * * * * *

By the craggy hill-side,
  Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
    For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
  As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
    In his bed at night.

— William Allingham.

The first place that I remember was a large pasture with a pond of clear water in it. Some shade trees grew near its edge, and at one end of it there were rushes and water-lilies.

When I was young, I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay close by her. When it was hot we stood in the shade of the trees near the pond, and when it was cold we had a warm shed to sleep in.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother went to work in the daytime and came back in the evening.

Besides me there were six colts in the meadow. I used to run with them and we had great fun. We would gallop

together round and round the field as fast as we could go.

One day when the colts were playing roughly — biting and kicking — my mother said to me, "I hope you will not learn bad ways. Do your work with good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

Our master was a good, kind man.

He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. We were all fond of him. All the horses would go to him when he came into the field, but my mother was his favorite. She always took him to town on market days. He would pat her and say, "How is your little Beauty to-day?"

XXXVIII.—BLACK BEAUTY'S STORY—PART II

My master said he would "break me in" himself. Breaking in a colt is teaching him to wear a bridle and a saddle, a collar and harness. He learns to go with a cart or waggon behind him, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him.

I had been used to a halter, but now I was to have a bridle. My master gave me some oats, and, after a good

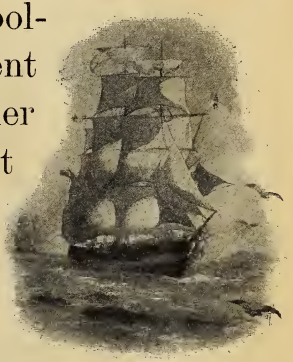
deal of coaxing, he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed on my head. Any one who has never had a bit in his mouth cannot think how uncomfortable it feels.

A great piece of hard steel, as thick as a man's finger, is pushed into one's mouth, over the tongue and between the teeth, the ends sticking out at the corners of the lips. From the ends of the iron bar, leather straps are passed over the head, and under the throat, and round the nose, and below the chin. One cannot get rid of it no matter how much he tries.

I thought it was very hard at first. But with nice oats, and bits of bread, and my master's kind words and gentle ways, I got used to the bit and bridle, so that I did not mind them very much.

XXXIX. — FAIRY PICTURES

All the boys and girls helped to set up the Christmas tree, to put up flags, and to decorate the school-room. Then they went home, and left the teacher and the trustees to put the presents on the tree. There was a present for every scholar.



In the evening there were music and recitations and speeches. The scholars in the senior first class had the piece called "The Fairy Pictures."

The teacher put a magic lantern on a high table near the back of the room. The pictures were thrown on a large white sheet hung on a wire over the platform.

I

First, a picture of a white ship, with green sails, was put on the screen. Tommy stepped forward, and standing at one side of the screen, said: —

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me.
There was candy in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silver,
And the masts were made of gold.

II

The next picture showed a little boy sitting behind a low table. On the table there was a big pudding-dish. The class standing behind the screen sang: —

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "Oh, what a good boy am I!"

This song made all the people laugh. They clapped their hands to have the picture and song given again.

III

In the next picture, a little girl lay asleep, with her head on her arm and a crook in her hand. The class sang these verses: —

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them,
Let them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating,

But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still her sheep were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
And started for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they had left their tails behind them.

IV

The next picture was a very funny one. The shoe was so big that it nearly covered the sheet. Mabel stood at the end of the screen and said: —

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children, that she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

V

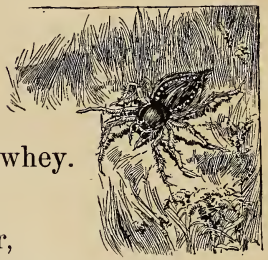
There were four pictures for the next piece, which Gregor sang alone: —

I'll sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Oh, was not that a dainty dish
To set before a King!

The King was in the parlor
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the dining-room
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
When up came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.

VI

All the class sang the piece about Miss Muffet: —



Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey.
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

VII

When Little Boy Blue was thrown on the screen, Charlie stood in front, and said these lines as though he were scolding him: —

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the hay-rick fast asleep?
Fie on you! fie on you! little Boy Blue;
And fie on dog Tray, who is fast asleep, too!

All the class sang "Wee Willie Winkie."

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his night gown,
Rapping at the window, crying at the lock:
"Are all the children in their beds? Now it's eight o'clock."

XL. — THE RAINBOW

How hot and sultry the day has been! See the black cloud in the west. The lightning darts in zigzag lines across the sky. The loud thunder rolls among the hills.

Big rain drops are falling. The children run to take shelter from the storm. The trees bend before the wind. The rain is now falling so fast that we cannot see across the road.

But, see! it is getting clear again. The clouds are breaking and passing over. The robins are singing in the tree tops. The children are out again paddling with bare feet in the pools on the roadside.

Listen to little Ruby screaming with delight. She sees the rainbow in the east. She begs the other children to take her to it.

"That's a rainbow, Ruby," said her sister, "we cannot get it. See it is fading already. To-morrow we can find it in the flowers."

Ruby does not forget. "Now it's to-morrow," said she, "come to find the rainbow." So all the children are out gathering flowers to make a rainbow.

We must get red to start with, so we bring the roses and scarlet poppies.

Orange comes next; where shall we find it? "Here are lilies," said Nelly. Just the thing we need. Out in the field there are buttercups and dandelions in plenty. Glossy leaves of the willow, large flowers of the iris, and rich, dark violets and pansies form the other bands of the arch. What a wealth of colors!

Ruby's wish is granted. She has a beautiful rainbow of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Truly the rainbow is in the flowers.

XLI. — DANDELION BABIES

The dandelions looked up at the bright sun in the blue sky. They became yellow like the sun. Boys and girls pressed them to each other's chins, and said, "Oh, you like butter."

Day after day the dandelions looked at the sun, and became larger and yellower. At night they tucked themselves around with their narrow green blankets.

By and by they lost their yellowness, and the narrow green blankets stood up side by side and put their tips together and made a tent over every little dandelion. These are the dandelion cradles.

A hundred little dandelion babies were growing in every cradle. Each baby was getting a brown coat and a little white parasol.

When all that work was done, the green tent blankets said, "Now we are needed no longer; the babies are ready to spread their parasols and go travelling." They drooped and soon let go of the stem, and fell to the ground.

Next day every baby spread its parasol and the dandelion looked like a white fluffy ball.

The boys and girls who said they liked butter came along and picked the balls, and asked them "What o'clock?" One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, — and with the fourth puff all the babies were off sailing through the air. Then the

children said, "It's four o'clock, we must hurry home for supper."

That night a shower of rain washed the air. All the dandelion babies came to the soft ground and took hold of it with their little foot-hooks and began to grow. "We wish to see the sun," they said; so they put out their leaves flat on the ground to keep the grass from hiding the sky from their view.

Dainty little dandelion,
  Smiling on the lawn,
Sleeping through the dewy night,
  Waking with the dawn;

Fairy little dandelion,
  In its misty shroud,
Passes from our sight away,
  Like a summer cloud.

XLII. — "THE SWAN"

Why do you think Will called his boat "The Swan"? Had you asked him he would have said, "Because its keel is black, its body white, and it sails so proudly on the water."

Will lives on a farm through which a pretty little river runs to its home in the lake a mile or two away. Near the mouth of the river there is a grassy island with sandy shores. Picnics are often held on the island, so there are benches and swings on it.

One holiday Will invited his friends, Grant and Fred, to spend the day with him at the island. Will's mother filled a basket with good things to eat. She put in plenty of chicken sandwiches, some hard boiled eggs, and pie, and a

bottle of milk. The boys filled a paper bag with apples, and in another one they put a half-dozen bananas.

Shortly after seven o'clock Grant and Fred joined Will at the bridge. Each boy had a fishing-rod. The merry rowers made brief stops at the deep places in the river to see how well the fish would bite. But they hurried down nearly to the island, and there they caught some fine fish, mostly perch. Fred caught a fine black bass, which he says was almost strong enough to break his line.

When they tired of fishing, they had lots of fun playing in the sand on the shore of the island, and picking up pebbles and shells. They found some clam shells with the living clams in them. They saw a clam draw its foot

into its shell and close it. It seemed strange that a little clam could hold its shell so tightly closed that a big boy could not pull it open.

When they got home Will's mother asked them whether they had had plenty to eat. "Oh, yes," said the boys, "we had plenty for dinner and for supper, too. We had our dinner at half-past ten o'clock and our supper at three o'clock." They had another supper before the day was over.

XLIII. — SPRING

Have you heard the waters singing,
Little May,
Where the willows green are bending
O'er their way?

Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one;
When the rosy dawn is breaking —
When 'tis done?

Have you heard the wooing breeze
In the blossomed orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

All the earth is full of music,
Little May —
Bird, and bee, and water singing
On their way.
Let their silver voices fall
On thy heart with happy call:
"Praise the Lord who loveth all,"
Little May.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

TABLE OF SOUNDS

Single Vowels

a as in:
(1) cat, man
(2) arm, palm
(3) ask, graft
(4) ale, make
(5) care, fare
(6) all, water

e as in:
(1) met, fed
(2) eve, she

i as in:
(1) it, ill
(2) girl, bird
(3) ice, pile

o as in:
(1) on, pot
(2) orb, cord
(3) old, note

u as in:
(1) up, tub
(2) pull, put
(3) rude, rule
(4) mute, unit

y as in:
(1) hymn, kitty
(2) by, try

Diphthongs

ai : ail, rain
ay : day, tray
au : Paul, fraud
aw : awl, law
ea : steak, break
ea : bread, head
ea : dream, eat
ee : see, sheep
ei : veil, vein
ei : seize, either
ei : height, sleight
ew : few, blew
ey : they, obey
ie : thief, siege
ie : pie, lie
oa : oat, toad
oe : toe, hoe
oi : boil, noise
oy : toy, boy
oo : foot, book
oo : moon, school
ou : out, found
ow : owl, cow
ow : blow, throw
ue : blue, hue
ui : built, guilt

Consonants

b, d, f, h, j, k, l, m, n, p, q, r, t, v, w, x, y, z, have, with a few unimportant exceptions, but one sound.

c (hard) cat, attic
c (soft) cent, place
g (hard) get, tag
g (soft) gem, page
ng long, sing
s (sharp) see, yes
s (flat) is, has
ch (soft) chin, rich
ch (hard) choir, chord
gh = f cough, laugh
sh she, lash
th (sharp) thin, path
th (flat) this, with
ph Phil, Zeph.
wh what, why
alk walk, balk
igh sigh, might
tion motion, nation

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